

## To Failure as a Poet

*(Short of Poetic)*

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Blindly tripped through this first step,  
(Awash limitations; Sullen contemplations)  
I have this thought - no maybe it is denied.

Pained concentration- prose remains evident.  
Prophetic lightshades grey-  
(near white, windows cloaked)  
Orestes-cullen as so- doubts in his life noless.  
Belief in grief- briefly shown the test.  
Brook soft poetry- black, wacked (pact)  
True!

!At last- Typified Away- Sneer I do?  
Truism timed (craft-art) will you?  
Sense I do my loss of head  
Rhythm speech not lost, I said.  
Tabor import - ee lacked none I spied.  
Synopsis- passion ego stroked, not denied.  
Back I go!

Original obscurity observe obtuseness,  
odalisque oddity - I to become.  
Compare the to trash- papermade leftovers,  
So,  
where is my composure to take heart?  
Make up  
Anyone Can  
Makeup?

Olden streams across my mind;

Plush; trite plights down to the banks.

This is one part.

Setup.

Conjure images which color shown Shylock,  
Relentlessly given to pursue thy art.

Paid Dues.

So soon,

Day later.

(You Pay First.)

I  
now - feel  
this has gone,  
Beyond  
a failure.

With in fashion can I finish as I start,  
(Awash limitations; sullen contemplations)  
I have this thought- no maybe its always denied.

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